

The next evening the meeting began, but Sarah was much too busy to attend. However, as she worked, the sound of the elders singing floated down the hall to her, *How Firm a Foundation Ye Saints of the Lord*. She found herself pausing to listen. There was more singing and then the missionaries began to speak. What they said had a ring of real truth and authority. By the time the meeting ended she ran and told her husband about it, saying, "If they hold another meeting here you must come and hear them."

They did hold another meeting the very next evening which Sarah and Edward attended. The two young men looked like angels to her as they explained the first principles of the gospel. Edward caught the same spirit and so together they began to pray, study and discuss the new religion. Soon all the family who were old enough were ready for baptism. Edward was the first to be baptized on Sept. 17, 1848. By the middle of October all the family, with the exception of the three youngest children, had been baptized.

The family was active in the branch for about five years. They were anxious to gather with the Saints in Utah so sold their place of business and made preparations for the journey to America. They left the Bramley Moor Docks in Liverpool, England, in the spring of 1853 in a sailing boat bound for the United States. After three months on the ocean they landed at New Orleans, Louisiana. Here they bought a cook stove and a few other pieces of furniture, which they shipped up the Mississippi River to Council Bluffs, Iowa, on a freight boat. The family went on a passenger boat and waited at Council Bluffs for the freight to arrive.

The weather was quite good and everyone enjoyed the trip. They danced in the evenings, told stories, sang songs, and held their meetings on Sundays. Even the blind father, Edward, endured the trip patiently, without complaining. They all felt that everything would be wonderful once they were settled in Utah. Soon after they entered the mountains, however, Edward became ill with mountain fever. They did all they could for him, but he grew weaker day by day and on the evening of September 7, 1853, as his family were making camp for the night, he passed away, leaving his sorrowing wife and young family to make their way alone. They were at that time in Wyoming, but because he had so wanted to come to Utah his family decided to carry him across the Bear River and bury him in Utah soil. He was buried on the west bank of the Bear River near what is known as the Needles, a little southwest of Evanston. The family carried rocks and piled them on top of the grave, then collected a large

pile of sagebrush and burned it over the grave to try to kill any scent that might have attracted wild animals.

—Doritt Harvey Brough

Christen Christensen was born November 10, 1769, in Stenbroen, Denmark. When he was 83 years old the younger members of the family accepted the gospel and were baptized. He was not immediately ready but continued uninterrupted to read the Bible and compare its contents closely with the tracts distributed by the Mormons. One autumn day he called his son's wife to his bedside and told her that he now wanted to become a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints through baptism. This, which he coveted, soon became a reality. Peter Christen Jensen, his grandson, together with another brother, carried him approximately one thousand feet down a hill to a small stream of water where Elder Mads Christen Jensen performed the baptism. Immediately the brethren reached their hands forward to help him out of the water but he refused their assistance and sprang up the steep bank by his own power.

When the time finally came for him to emigrate to the land of the Saints he was so eager to get started that he couldn't wait for the wagon to be loaded but ran ahead of the party several miles toward Aalborg. However, it was not his destiny to reach Zion. He died during the voyage up the Mississippi River the day before the ship arrived in New Orleans and was buried with others after the ship docked. —Oak Camp, Brigham City, Utah

THE PRICE OF PIONEERING—1854

In the year 1854, ten sailing ships were chartered by the Latter-day Saints to bring their people to New Orleans. From the files of the D.U.P. we read the story of *John Gerber*, a Swiss emigrant, who was a former minister for the Lutheran Church. He and his wife and his father *Johannes Gerber* were baptized in 1852, and were helped on their trek to Utah by the Perpetual Emigrating Fund. The journey was very trying owing to the poor health of Johannes whose great desire was to live to see the Salt Lake Valley. As the company came in sight of the Valley, he asked to be helped from his bed and after seeing the Valley, he remarked: "I am satisfied and ready to go." On arriving at Emigration Square that night he quietly passed away.

When *Eliza Shelton Keeler* was fourteen years of age, she, with her brothers and sisters, started the journey for Utah. There were two brothers and four sisters in their party. Measles broke out in the camp and all except her sister, Ann, and her brother, Charles, suffered from the effects of the disease. They had hardly recovered when they were stricken with cholera. *Charles*, his wife *Rebecca*, and five of their six children died and were buried along